

1955/56

Joseph S. La...



THE UNIVERSITY STORE

—ON CAMPUS—

Where Every one Meets



The Trouble With Cinderella

A Be Bop Fable of Umieland

Setting: It's eight bells on a typical Friday night. Cindy is residing with a pile of typical chicks at a typical Umie sorority house. She has not been hitting it off with her typically square housemother. All the crows have split for the Drake to grab some sounds because the word is, "the Coop and Group" are wailing, you know, making a scene. Cindy, unable to bail with the rest of the chicks, is cussing out some cat who answers to the label of Dean Hurt-us. Vociferations are loud and Cindy feels she has been cut by the great white mother who's pad by day is an edifice called S.C. Cindy calls her "Chicken" and says, "she came from nowhere and should have stayed." D.H. is really not this unhep, but Cindy is shook because tonight will be pathos; she can't even toast a friend. A drag man, a drag. Mettawampe should have it this bad. Suddenly, on the scene appears an elderly doll, Cindy's fairy godmother. "Cindy, what's the pitch, the scoop, the haps?" asks the G.M.

"Aw give me a break will you, Granny, I'm dying lousy," replies Cindy, "Everyone that is, is making it to the Drake tonight except yours truly. I'm in a bind 'cause I goofed last week."

"Never worry sweet lips," she belched as she waved a little pool cue, and forthwith she came around with some real wild threads. Two more bars on the beat flashed the coolest set of wheels this side of Mount Holyoke, South Hadley or any place. It was a short, the sight of which Cindy flipped at. (A Jag with the cloth down).

"Granny," she gasped. "You can really blow wand." Another paradiddle, four bars from the "Man With the Golden Arm" Theme and the G.M. has laid a pile of jewels on our girl.

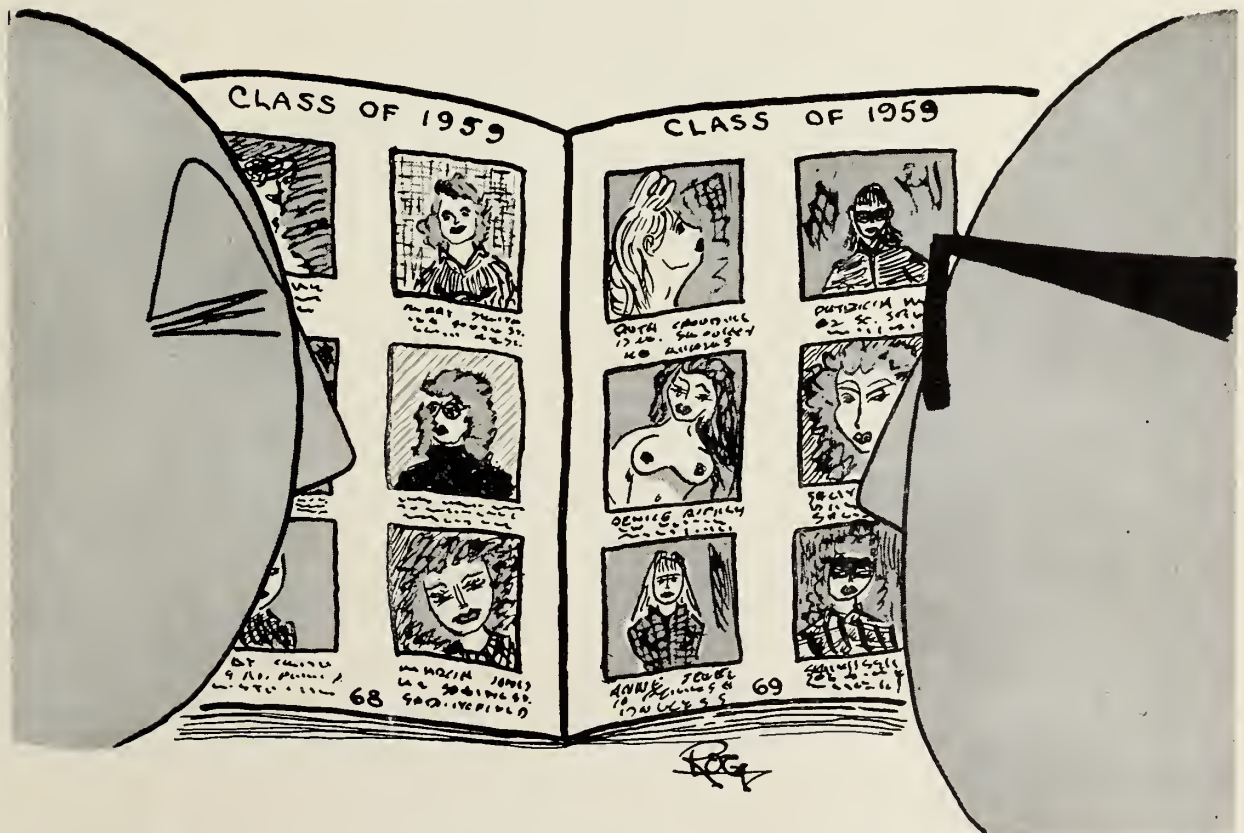
"Madness," screamed Cindy, "Take five on these stringy locks." Forthwith her golden blonde had the swing-ingest ponytail since Nashua. "Granny, you're the end, you and that wand show me plenty."

"Save it, Cindy," said G.M. "The union only lets me blow three miracles in twenty-four. Look now you vision of loveliness, be back by twelve bells or you'll really get hung."

"Your're crazy," Cindy yelled back at G.M.

"You're golden," answered her G.M. as she watched her burn rubber the length of Un Pleasant Street.

Continued on page 25





Ya-Hoo Queen

Judging by the unanimously laudatory comments on our last *Ya-Hoo* queen, we felt that another regal figure was essential to our spring issue, anyway everybody likes pretty girls.

Our spring queen is a sophomore from Amesbury named Claire Manning. For some reason which we fail to fathom, Miss Manning has been overlooked in previous queen contests and *Ya-Hoo*, a magazine that fearlessly seeks to right wrongs and bring the light of justice to all corners of our campus is determined that no more shall this beautiful co-ed walk in obscurity.

A dewy-eyed nineteen year old, Claire is our nomination as the U.M. co-ed who most typifies the All Amer-



ican Girl Look. Not only does she look like an All American girl, she also possesses all the traits that the traditional American female is supposed to possess. She is even tempered, friendly and loves all kinds of sports. Her favorites are swimming, golf and bowling.

A home economics major, she hopes to become a teacher after she graduates. She loves the university, "Because everyone is so friendly." A member of Chi Omega sorority she is active in W.A.A. basketball but she claims her favorite hobby is sleeping.

In her high school days, she was president of the Tri Hi-Y, class secretary and a cheerleader.

Like so many other co-eds she spends her summers as a waitress in New Hampshire, where she has plenty of time to improve her swimming proficiency.

Her tastes in music run to Glenn Miller, light classical and progressive jazz, although "anything that's danceable is okay." Among her aversions are a definite dislike for rock and roll and rhythm and blues.

Claire first caught ace glamor photographer Tom Smith's eye last spring and he proceeded to "shoot" her from almost every angle imaginable including the one above. So when *Ya-Hoo* went looking for a queen for this issue our problem was not who was it to be but which picture should we use. After hours of debate we decided to compromise and print three views of her. We feel confident that we won't have any complaints about there being too many pictures.

As to some of the vital statistics on Miss All American Girl Look, she is 5'3" tall, weighs 121 pounds and is . . . ah . . . well proportioned. Her friends think she is shy, but if you would like any more information try calling her at Hamlin House.



Ya-Hoo Queen
Photographs by
Tom Smith

Mother's Day



Graduation Gifts

Gift Nook

Fine Shoeing
at
BOLLES SHOE STORE



TAKE HER TO THE AMHERST THEATRE



Where Hits Are A Habit

Massachusetts

YA-HOO



VOL. 2

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NO. 2

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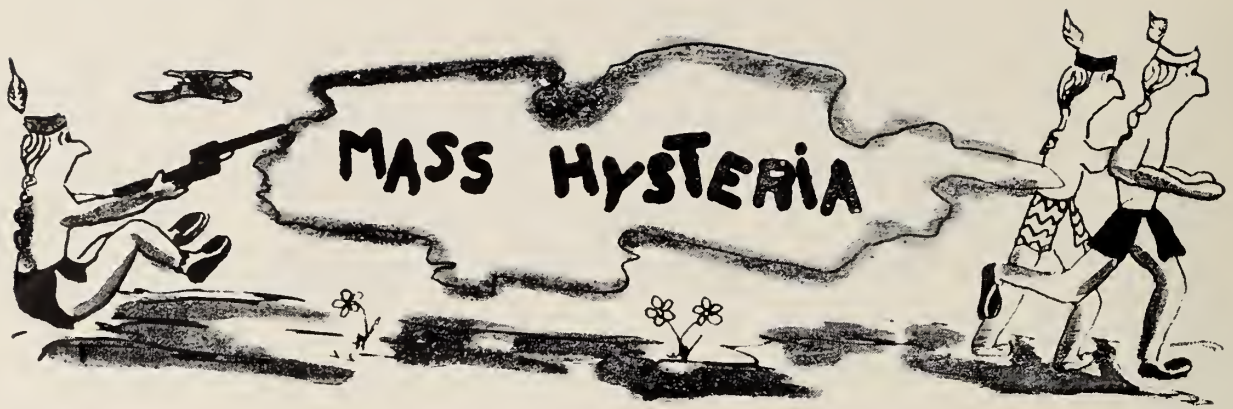
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Ya-Hoo is the official undergraduate humor magazine of the University of Massachusetts, published three times in the academic year 1955-56 by students of the University of Massachusetts. Subscription price is 70 cents a year. Subscriptions may be obtained by writing to *Ya-Hoo*, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Massachusetts. Entered as third class matter at the Post Office in Amherst.



That Good Old Night Air

Several weeks ago, we were happily wending our way home from an evening of frolic and fun at a friend's apartment when we chanced to happen by Fraternity Row. Struck with delight at the possibility of peaking in sorority house windows in the very wee hours of the morning, we decided to take a detour, and direct our feet along the hallowed stones of North Pleasant Street.

We were ambling along in reverie when suddenly the peaceful silence was shattered by two rather disheveled gentlemen who appeared to be somewhat under the influence of Bacchus. They were having some sort of disagreement, and the sound of their voices rang up and down the street.

We stopped for a moment or two, and were watching the row with a great deal of interest when a figure suddenly leaned out the window of a nearby fraternity house and screamed in aggrieved tones, "Will you guys kindly shut u! My date's trying to get some sleep!"

A respectful silence ensued.

More Hoaxes?

With spring with us once again, rumors are flying to the effect that more hoaxstering is in the offing. Apparently the success of last April's Mister Sandman joke has inspired others with evil minds and time on their hands to meet the *Ya-Hoo* chal-

lenge of a year ago, "Can you top this?"

Incidentally, according to very reliable sources, a full report of last April's Chordettes stunt will appear in a large circulation national weekly magazine before long.

Wayne Wins Again

Just the other night, *Ya-Hoo* was sitting around throwing the bull with some of the boys (an accomplishment at which he excels) trying to figure out which course is the greatest insult to a student's intelligence. There were plenty of candidates, Spanish 2, Art 78, Ec 26, etc. when someone came up with the thought the greatest insult to anyone's intelligence is the double feature policy of the Amherst Theater.

At that, all present cried Hear! Hear! in tremulous voices and immediately launched into reminiscences about recent co-features.

After some heated debate, it was decided that Wayne Morris took top honors for worst actor of the year in his starring role in "Cross Channel," which incidentally was also acclaimed as the year's worst picture. As usual there was plenty of discussion and debate with the radical element holding out for "Paris Folies" which took second place in our poll. "The Green Buddha", another Wayne Morris extravaganza ran a bad third and Dane Clark had to be content with the runner up spot to Morris in our actor award poll.

Spring Comes To Amherst

With all the hustle and bustle of college life, how many times do we pause long enough to enjoy the beauty of our movie set campus? The scummy college pond under a full moon, the architectural wonder of the liberal arts annex, the coziness of the cage, are but a few examples of the wonders to be discovered all around us. Perhaps you have missed these things because you walk with your head down, trying to extricate your bucks from the goo. But here too, notice the excellent composition of UMass mud. What other campus in the country can boast of mud that could pass anywhere for salt water taffy?

What other charms does our campus hold for him who is willing to look? Well, there is the dining commons. Home of goodies just like Mother used to make, it is an architectural wonder with walks conveniently placed where no one uses them and muddy wallows that mark the spot where freshmen have died in the quicksand. Then there is the food. Who can forget a Friday evening meal at the Commons? Scrumptuous fried fillet of haddock tails covered with the Commons' own tarter sauce. Besides the fun we have eating the meals at the Commons, we have even a jollier time anticipating them. In the long lines of eager, hungry students that wait breathlessly for the latest vignette of the nutrition majors' imagination, we find students who have

time to knit sweaters... hundreds of sweaters, others who have read everything Winston Churchill ever wrote and are waiting eagerly for his new volumes... and hundreds more who find time in the lines to catch up on a year's back mail.

Then there are the other facets that make campus life so interesting. That ten minute amble from the Engineering Building to the Math Building (?), just right if your name happens to be Bannister or Santee. Or how about climbing the hill to Butterfield on the day after a snowstorm? You say you own a car? Try driving through any parking lot at anything faster than a bare crawl and then count the broken springs. The Mem Hall lot is especially recommended if it hasn't washed away yet.

The roominess of the C-Store, the delightful aroma from Goessman or

an animal husbandry major on a spring day. The new tennis courts minus only nets, the spacious women's gym and the beauty of the vacant lot next to Hamlin, all these and more are there to see for you the observant student.

Wonder If . . .

. . . Mr. Walter Johnson (superintendent of University dining halls) ever eats the food at the Commons.

. . . the *Quarterly*, in light of the fact that it came out only twice this year will change its name to the *Semi-Annually*.

. . . the Freedom Bill will really solve all our problems.

. . . the management of the Quonset Club will ever recover from the Beer-athon.

. . . the pigeon whose droppings hold

the Liberal Arts Annex together ever gets tired of doing the job alone.

. . . anyone ever passed Spanish 2 the first time through.

. . . the townspeople of Amherst will ever get used to the idea that the University really *is* getting to be pretty big.

. . . the Admissions Committee keeps score on their mistakes. (Over 500 members of the original class of '56 are no longer with us.)

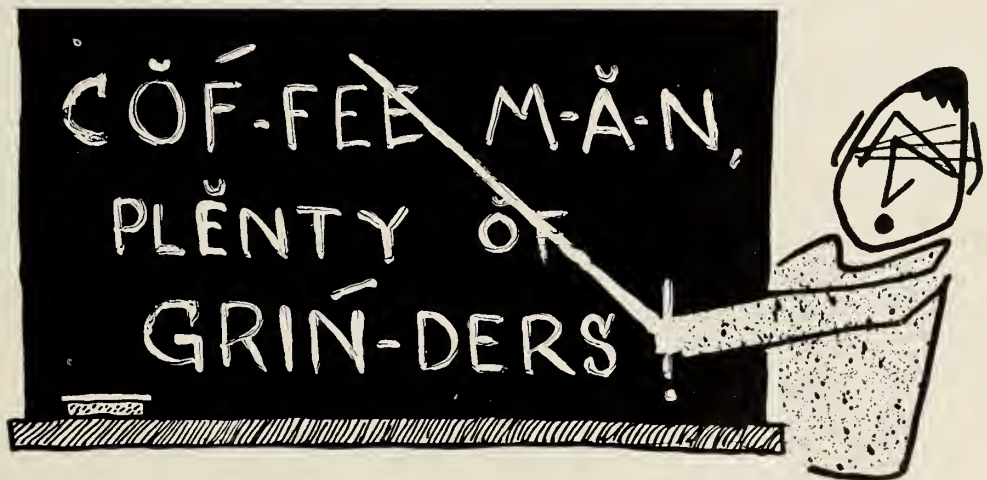
. . . Winter Carnival will be moved to April next year.

. . . the Student Union can ever take the place of the C-store.

. . . the Rendezvous will put in a sundeck to get back at the Rathskeller.

. . . baseball will ever replace grassing as U.M.'s favorite spring sport.

. . . the I.B.M. machine will ever replace Bill Starkweather (Ass't. Registrar).

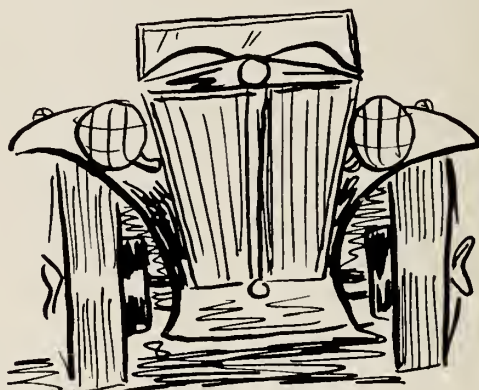


Let's try once more. This time a little louder.

Closest Shaves
In Town
 at the
UNIVERSITY BARBER SHOP



A BEAUTY
 at

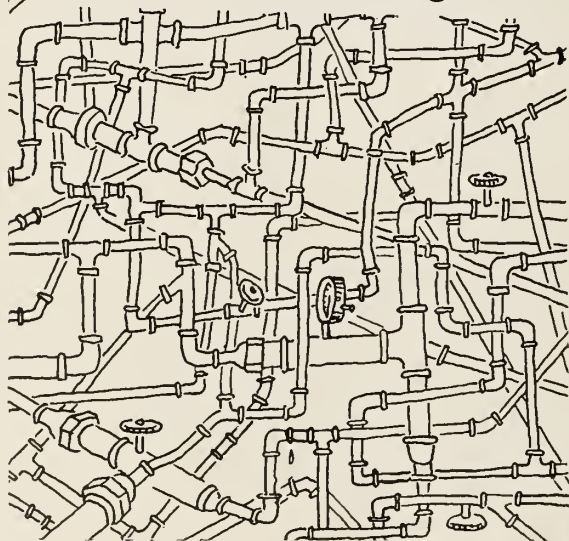


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MUSIC SHOP

Anything
 else in
 Classical,
 sir?



Ya-Hoo Awards of 1956

The "One Summer of Happiness" Award for the Motion Picture Best Exemplifying the Slogan "Movies are Better Than Ever"
 "The Sheep Has Five Legs"

The Best Actress of the Year Award
 The Native Girl in "The Sheep Has Five Legs"

The J. Paul Mather Award for outstanding effort in behalf of the University
 The Pigeon who holds the Liberal Arts Annex together

The "He Who Laughs Last Award"
 Harvard University

The United States Navy Recruiting Award
 To Audie Murphy for his blood-curdling performance in "To Hell and Back"

The Bull Durham "Roll 'Em Yourself" Award
 Dean Helen Curtis for the cigarette machine controversy

The Red Blasko Super Sleuth Award
 To Richard Keogh for the "Case of the Missing Cinders"

Warren P. McGuirk Award for the Best Attended Athletic Event of the Year
 The fire at the barn

William Randolph Hearst Award for the Greatest Advancement of Yellow Journalism
 The newspapers that reported the "panty raid"

The Phi Sigma Kappa "That's the Breaks of the Game" Award
 Tau Epsilon Phi

The Miss Rheingold Award as the Best Argument for Drinking at the Drake
 The double feature policy at the Amherst Theater

The Don't Look Now But You're Going Award
 North College

The Woolwoth Award
 (A free year's supply of cosmetics) To the presently unattached co-ed seniors who have not yet succeeded in accomplishing what they came to college for.

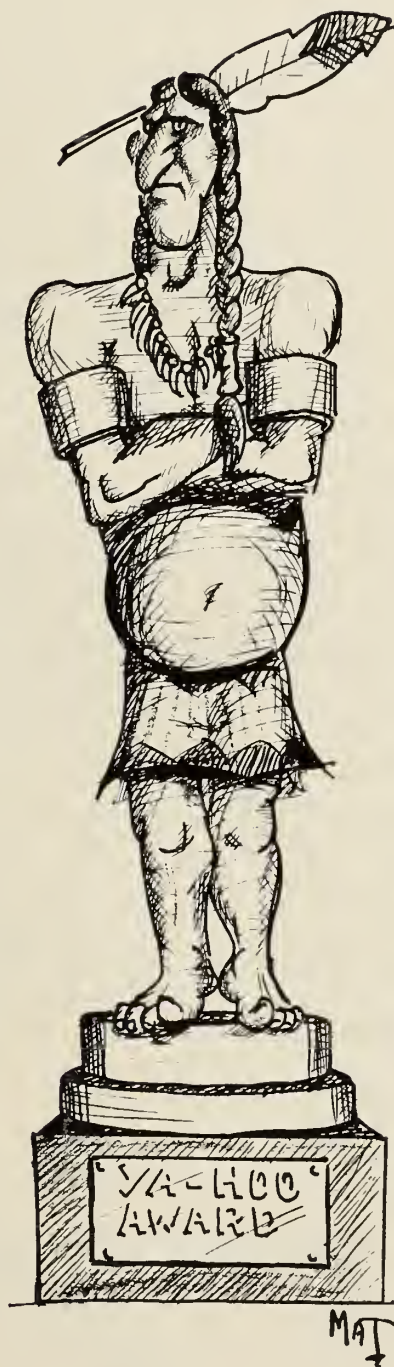
The Westbrook Pegler Award
 To Micci Marcucci and her cutting quill who has made our campus so keenly aware of her cutting quill.

With all due respect to the United States Weather Bureau, our courageous army of snowfighters Joe Paradise and his class A crew of groundskeepers as well as the University administration we hereby propose to extend the school year to August so our spring athletes may perform for their fans outside the cage.

The Frank Lloyd Wright Architectural Award and a special *Ya-Hoo* salute to the progressive forethought of the administration and their ultra-modern renovation of the stage of the ultra-obsolent Bowker Auditorium. (This is in line with the policy set with the construction of the Commons two years ago.)

The Bonehead Award for the dumbest play of the year
 The N.C.A.A. basketball selection committee.

The Sportsmanship Award
 To basketball coach Bob Curran for staying cool after the above noted play by the above noted group.



Dr. Cornelius Answers Your Questions

Dear Doctor Corneilius:

I am a young woman fortunate enough to be physically attractive to the opposite sex. A year ago I started dating college boys and one in particular has been annoying me. He is continually trying to get me to his Fraternity to visit his house mother. He claims she only has office hours between one and three in the morning but for some reason I distrust him. Do you think it would be proper for me to visit his house some evening? I will be seven next month.

My Dear Young Woman:

I am convinced that you are a wise young girl. Your college friend may be perfectly harmless but I still would not trust him. If you will send me fifty cents (no stamps) I will forward my latest pamphlet: "Tips On Fraternity Boys For Seven Year Old Girls". Let yourself be guided by its wisdom.

Dear Doctor Corneilius:

We are having an exceptionally hard time with our three year old son. He is a tantalizing youth of the first order and recently I have taken to punishing him by grabbing him by the neck and pushing a finger in his eye. It worked fine for a while but of late he has taken to cowering in corners chewing on lamp cords. Whenever I call "Patcheye (his pet name), come out!", he just snarls and chews faster. Please help us! He's already blown four fuses and my husband can't get the wiring approved until he's cured!

Dear Madam:

It is unfortunate that some introverted children give their parents so many anxious moments. Perhaps if you changed your mode of punishment it would be helpful. Have you tried slamming the front door on his fingers? By this bit of subtle psychology the child realizes he has incurred your disfavor at the same time you are helping him. However, if all attempts at cure fail, children of this unusual type are given amazing wages by the companies which test High Voltage lines.



Dr. Livingstone, I presume.

No.

Dear Doctor Corneilius.

I am six feet eight inches tall and I weigh thirty pounds. Recently my friends have started calling me "Skinney". At first I just laughed and threw acid in their faces but every day now I get a CARE package. Sometimes they come from Europe. What should I do?

My Dear Young Man:

Why did you bother to stoop to your petty revenge with the acid? Can't you see this is just what they want? You're playing right into their hands! Your situation is not unique at all! Every day I receive hundreds of letters from young men such as you! There is always hope! If you will send me fifty cents (no stamps) I will forward my latest pamphlet: "Tips On Getting Along For Six Feet Eight Inch Boys Who Weigh Thirty Pounds."

Dear Doctor Corneilius:

I am a woman who has been married for fifteen years. For quite some time now my husband has been acting rather strangely. Whenever he comes home from work he beats me with his lunch pail, holds my hand on the stove, and kicks me in the shins for several moments. Whenever my friends are around or we are out in public he continually calls me "Dirty Pig". Am I losing his love?

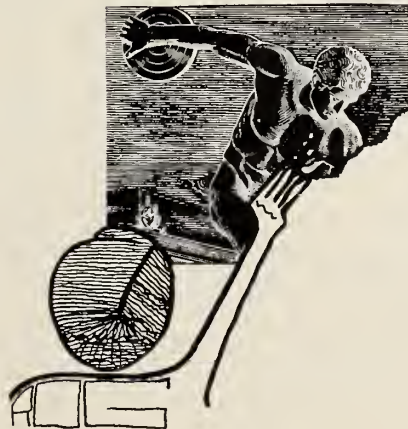
My Dear Woman:

Not necessarily. Women find it hard to realize that men do have their off moments. Have you ever told your husband that you resent his behavior? No, I'll wager not. You probably just limp around the house all day smearing butter on your hands. Try to understand his point of view. Maybe he simply can't stand you. If you will send fifty cents (no stamps) I will forward my latest pamphlet: "Tips For Married Women Whose Husbands Beat Them With Lunch Pails".

If you have any questions or problems that you may want the Doctor to analyze and solve, you may send them to him care of this magazine. It is only fair to warn you that the Doctor is not above bribery and those containing money will receive first consideration. If you do not have a problem, just send fifty cents (no stamps) for the Doctor's latest pamphlet: "Problems For People Who Think They Have No Problems".

—by E. Corneilius McManus

Remember the day, the Seventh of May



Junior, how many times do I have to tell you not to draw pictures on the wall?

The Smart Set goes to . . .



Quonset Club

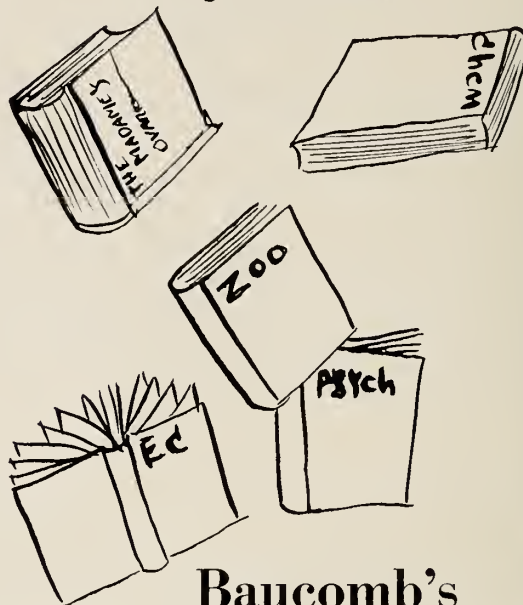
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• Hadley

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A LITTLE CRUMPET

Hello. B.B.C. here. Have a radio play for you tonight. Know you'll like it. Scene set in Western Devonshire. Star's Sir Hopalong Fairchild. He's wandering about futilely. Meets someone:

Sir Hopalong: "'Lo."
Stranger: " 'Lo."
S. H.: "Lost?"
St: "Quite."
S.H.: "Shame."
St.: "You?"
S.H.: "Unfortunately."
St.: "Ruddy."

(Pause)

S.H.: "Provisions?"
St.: "Some."
S.H.: "What?"
St.: "Guess."
S.H.: "Tea?"
St.: "No."
S.H.: "Close?"
St.: "Rather."
S.H.: "Crumpets?"
St.: "Right!"
S.H.: "Jolly!"

(Pause)

St.: "Eat?"
S.H.: "Later."
St.: "Fine."

(Pause)

S.H.: "Look!"
St.: "Where?"
S.H.: "There."
St.: "Indians?"
S.H.: "Apparently."
St.: "Hostile?"
S.H.: "Reputedly."
St.: "Run?"
S.H.: "Better."
St.: "Where?"

(Pause)

S. H.: "East?"
St.: "No."
S.H.: "North?"
St.: "No."
S.H.: "South!"
St.: "Good!"
S.H.: "Lead."
St.: "You."
S.H.: "Insist!"
St.: "Thanks."

S.H.: "Puff!"
St.: "Puff."
S.H.: "Tired?"
St.: "Frightfully!"
S.H.: "Rest?"
St.: "Please."
S.H.: "Risky!"
St.: "Unavoidable."
S.H.: "Duck!"
St.: "Why?"
S.H.: "Tomahawk!"
St.: "Whoops!"
S.H.: "Hit?"
St.: "Conceivably."
S.H.: "Where?"
St.: "Neck."
S.H.: "Painful?"
St.: "Excruciatingly."
S.H.: "Dying?"
St.: "Momentarily."
S.H.: "Pity."
St.: "Goodbye."
S.H.: "Write."
St.: "Ohhh . . ."
S.H.: "Dead."
Indian: "How!"
S.H.: "Tomahawk."
Ind.: "Come!"
S.H.: "Where?"
Ind.: "Village."
S.H.: "Torture?"
Ind.: "Mind?"
S.H.: "No."
Ind.: "No!?"
S.H.: "No."
Ind.: "Why?"
S.H.: "Observe."
Ind.: "Soldiers!"
S.H.: "Hundreds."
Ind.: "Retreat!"
S.H.: "Advisable."
Captain: "Trouble?"
S.H.: "Little."
Capt.: "Partner?"
S.H.: "Resting."

Continued on page 24



AFTER BERMUDA...

You stayed here? ...



Mike FERBER



So what, I went to Acapulco ...



The Barfly



All right, all right. So you got a tan.

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

As a special student service YA-HOO presents the following time-saving letter for your convenience. Tear out on dotted line and cross out unnecessary words.

		Sunday	
		Monday	
		Tuesday	
		Wednesday	
		Thursday	
		Friday	
		Saturday	
Dear	Brother		
	Sister		
	Mom		
	Pop		
	Folks		
	To Whom it may concern		
Who			
What			
Sorry I haven't		written	write
called		in so long.	I'll call
come home			come home
more	less	from now on.	My schedule is
same		poor	beer
		bad.	are
		terrible	The weather here is
cool		so-so	same
cold.	I am feeling	bad	I hope you are better.
colder		worse	worse
	old	dog	He
I have a new	girl.	She is pregnant	and I may have to
broken down car	It	cheap	leave school
			leave town.
			leave
more	money	mail	home
I need much more	money.	Please cable it.	I wish I were Hawaii.
helluva lot more	money	deposit	dead
	respectfully,		brother
	lovingly,		sister
	sincerely,	your	son
	hopefully,		buddy
		Tom	Barbara
		Dick	Jean
		Harry	Betty

THE DRAKE

Rooms for Parents

Dining Room

Cocktail Lounge

Rathskellar

We Cater to Banquet and

Fraternity Affairs

COME DOWN AND SEE US



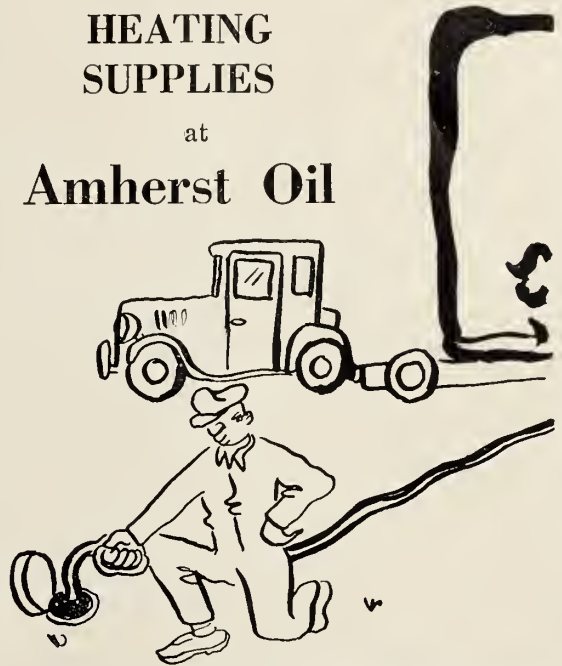
A WHALE

Of

HEATING
SUPPLIES

at

Amherst Oil

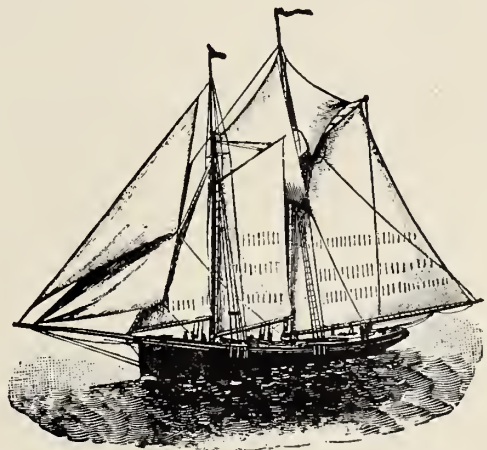


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Ya-Hoo Exposes Miss Helen Dean

To you, O Engineer, who may have looked up from thine slide rule, blinked thy bleary, blood-shot eyes in wonderment at this month's Bull Durham Award, and blinked with equal wonderment whence came this singular honor to who must be an individual of note, this is offered. Our subject is Miss Helen Dean and what we are trying to get at is that you are probably wondering who the hell she is. Miss Helen Dean is our Dean of Women and this is her story.

Helen Dean was born beneath a little mining town at the foot of the Black Hills on October 31, 1864. The reader will note that 1864 was the Dark Year of the Civil War and South Dakotans were among the staunchest of the bearers of the stars and stripes despite their relatively equatorial geographic position in regard to their sister state of North Dakota who didn't give a damn. Her father, Mr. Dean, was at the time safely ensconced in a moldy prison camp at a place called Andersonville, Georgia, leaving Mrs. Dean at home to tend the mine alone.

Even though it was Halloween and ordinarily a state holiday, the war effort had kept Mrs. Dean toiling at her job. There were no split shifts that day so the Blessed Event occurred deep in the bowels of the earth and Miss Helen Dean, being too puny to man a pick, was sent up by coal car to shift for herself, whence came her rugged individualism. For years she wandered through the Black Hills eating berries and grubbing for roots until she matured, when she turned to cattle raising and poker playing. Amassing a modest fortune she turned her sights eastward in direct defiance of Horace Greeley's famous quote, "Go West, young man."—because she was a woman.

She was standing by the railroad

tracks one day, trying to thumb a ride east when a freight train chanced by. Having had negligible acquaintance with mail pick-up arms, she was literally swept off her feet and deposited unceremoniously in Poughkeepsie, Tennessee. Little did she know that it was fate that led her to Poughkeepsie, Tennessee because Poughkeepsie, Tennessee was to become the site of the college now famed as P.S.T.C.P.M.W.C.T.U. — Poughkeepsie State Teachers College for Prospective Members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, whose slogan was "Keep the cigarettes out of the mouth's of our young women!" Miss Helen Dean carries that pledge unto today.

After helping to establish P.S.T.C.-P.M.W.C.T.U. the distant rumbles of war in Cuba stirred her patriotic blood, in fact, almost homogenized it. She joined the Navy, disguising her age. Her old mining instinct qualified her as stoker aboard the USS Maine, the pride of the fleet. The engineer who dabbles in history may recall that some greasy Gringo blew the Maine sky high while it was nestled in Havana harbor. Don't be fooled by mythical accounts of that disaster which fail to list any survivors. Our heroine, hardened by her many years of grubbing alone in the Black Hills, survived this devastating blast, thus providing, children, that if you want to survive battleship explosions, grub for roots.

Finding herself afloat above the murky depths of the Caribbean she began swimming toward what she mistook for the direction of the American mainland, little knowing that the line on the horizon she espied was in actuality a tramp steamer laden with codfish on its way toward Boston. The informed reader may now be ask-

ing himself, "Why codfish toward Boston. Isn't Boston the codfish center of the world?" Here, in a *Ya-Hoo* expose we can now reveal that Boston's famed codfish is native to the tropical waters of the Caribbean and is imported in vast quantities by the Boston Chamber of Commerce to support this scurrulous myth—however, we digress. Buffeted by waves, bruised by ocean storms, our dauntless heroine continued her dogged pursuit of the elusive mainland, finally catching up with it off Cape Cod.

She went ashore at Truro and immediately resumed her effort to crush out Demon Nicotine among the female vacationers. Her cigarette efforts proved vain in Truro but Miss Dean Helen did provide a service to femaledom. Recall that in those days, girls who dared show their knees in public were literally banned from legitimate society. Two piece bathing suits were decades away and when Miss Dean Helen appeared on the Truro beach one day attired indecently in a two piece leopard skin affair, imagine the eyebrows that were raised. Here, in another *Ya-Hoo* exclusive we can give you the actual photograph of Miss Dean Helen as she appeared that day on the sands at Truro. This is the black mark on Miss Helen Dean's life—a chapter she has always tried to erase.

The Truro town fathers decided that they had had enough of Miss Helen Dean's antics so an ordinance was passed banishing her forever from Truro.

She left the Cape embittered toward town fathers and the male sex in general, finally arriving in the beantown itself, Boston. Now Boston was at that time one of the centers of female suffrage. South Boston will long remember her crusading fervor in those war

years. Embittered by her cruel treatment at the hands of the Truro town fathers, she turned her attention toward suffragism with a vengeance. As a starter she organized the women of Southie and gained their confidence by changing her name to Maureen Kildoon. Day after day for over two years Maureen and her colleens terrorized the saloons and rummys of that quiet Boston suburb. Hatchet in hand, Maureen (alias Helen) made herself so obnoxious that the South Boston Saloon Keepers Association, 3583 strong, was forced to take action. Lead by a rising young politician named James Michael Curley, the S.B.S.K.A. asserted their immense political power to such an extent that the Great and General Court was forced to act. Realizing that drastic action might result in hideous reprisals by the potentially strong colleens of Southie, the legislature resorted to subversive measures.

A sharp young legislator by the name of Herter, Christian A. discovered that far in the wilds of Western Mass. was a state supported agricultural college which had recently



Miss Helen Dean on the Sands at Truro

opened its doors to earthy young female tillers of the soil. In an act of pure revenge on these unoffending coeds, Miss Dean was appointed to supervise their morals.

It was not until late in 1946 that the legislature discovered that Maureen Kildoon was really that infamous grubber of roots—Helen Dean, but by that time they didn't give a damn.

In Our Next Issue

Photographic Essay	Inside Belchertown! 12 pages exposing the vice capital of Western Mass.
Special Feature	Full page of rare stamps
Book Reviews	<i>Birth Control—Self Taught</i>
Do-It-Yourself Feature	Blueprints for Your Own Lobster Pot
Exposé	Is Alf Landon's Campaign on the Level?
Health Feature	Ruptured?
Politics	Did Dolly Madison Deserve It?
Education	You Can Poison Your Parents
Humor	'56 Football Preview
Travel	<i>Ya-Hoo</i> Goes To Grace Kelly's Honeymoon

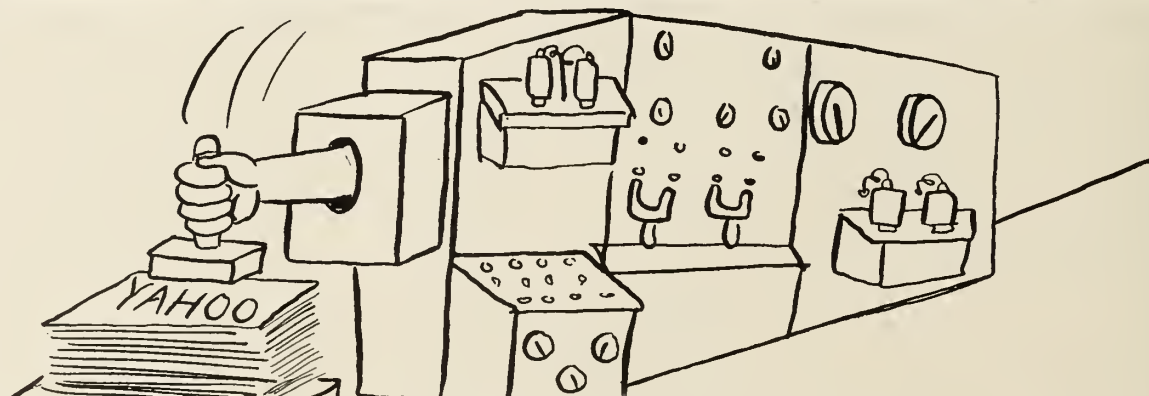
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University Commons Award

Last night, in an impressive underwater ceremony, Mr. John Draw, of our own University Commons, was presented the annual Ptomaine Award by the "Johnson Society For The Extinction of Mankind." Mr. Draw stood for several moments trembling with emotion and clutching the large green trophy to his heart before he consented to the following tape-recorded interview:

Announcer: "Mr. Draw, we understand it was a bit of a close thing between you and Greenough this year, is that correct?"

Mr. Draw: "(Am I on? What's he waving his hands about? WHAT is on? Oh!) Yes, that's right! It was close going until they found the Saltpeter on my watered down potatoes. Then and there they knew I was their man."

Ann: "Naturally we're all proud of you here at the . . . please don't touch the microphone . . . here at the University, Mr. Draw, but how did you do in the other departments? Say . . . meat?"

Mr. D.: "Meat? Oh, you mean . . . yes, the meat! Well, the judges only rated us Class "G" on the meat, but that was because they found a leash in the gravy and also . . ."

Ann: "Yes, haha, I can hold the microphone alone, Mr. Draw, just keep your dirty hands off it, haha, now, what were you saying about other departments?"

Mr. D.: "Well, in the Fried Foods Department we almost won the Acne Award but they gave us an Honorable Mention for . . ."

Ann.: "Let go of the microphone, Mr. Draw, just keep your dam fishy smelling hands to yourself, now, haha, what were you saying?"

Mr. Draw: "I was talking about Fried Food and how we won an . . ."

Ann.: "Look, see? You're touching the microphone again. I will tell you now, once and for all, that if you EVER lay a hand on it again, I will rap the damn thing around your throat. Now, haha, what plans have you for future menus, Mr. Draw?"

Mr. D.: "Well, we'll be having Swiss Steak for a while yet, those Morgans last forever, and then there's Baked Cusk which . . ."

Ann.: "Look at your hands, Mr. Draw. Just look at them. They're on the microphone again, aren't they? Now why did you have to do that? I asked you nicely, 'Please don't touch the microphone', but would you do it? Oh no, you've got to touch the microphone! Always when we tape record, people have to touch the microphone! I'm afraid you'll have to suffer horribly for this."

Mr. D.: "No, keep away from me! Put that down! Don't you dare . . . UGGggg . . . (dull thud)."

Ann.: "And so, ladies and gentlemen, we bring to a close tonight's transcribed interview with Mr. John Draw of our University Commons. Thank you for listening and thank you, Mr. Draw, for your complete co-operation."

—Ed McManus

UMass Co-eds: A Case Study

College does wonderous things for the individual. In almost every case, the college student undergoes a change of attitude usually peculiar to his or her particular school. We of *Ya-Hoo* now present these valuable letters stolen from the Dean of Women's office when it was abandoned by its occupants last Sadie Hawkins Day.

Freshman Year

Dear Mary,

Gosh, here I am just completing my first week at the University of Massachusetts. This past week was called "Freshman Week", and, gosh, was it fun. We played games and met some very nice freshmen boys. One of them (Jim) asked me for a date—but naturally I refused him.

My roommate, Jean, is a very nice girl. We have become very good friends—but not like you and the girls at home! Today we planned our study schedule for the whole semester. Can you imagine, we must study seven hours a day!!

Next month, sorority rushing begins. Jean and I will not attend, however, because we have so much work. Besides, those girls drink, you know. It's study, study, study for us. There is no room for anything else—especially those wild upperclassmen we have heard about.

Gosh, it's now nine-thirty and I want to get some sleep so I'll be up bright and early for Registration. I understand it's exciting! I miss the gang at home very much; so much that I'll be home next Saturday. Write soon!

Your best girlfriend,
Barbara Anne

Sophomore Year

Hi Mary,

Well, what do you know—a sophomore already. It's good to be back after that crazy summer, you better believe it! I guess I am lucky to be back though with that Quality Point System acting like a monster. That and IBM are making this school a mechanical hell-hole.

Jean and I dropped down to the house yesterday. I'm glad we joined, finally, because this is the way to get invited to the best parties. But, some of those senior girls are frightening they are so wild.

I had my first drink the other night. Jim took me to Johnny Green's. He is a very nice boy, but quiet for a Maroon Key. I like him a lot, however.

The house is planning beer parties, suppers, etc., so I won't be home until Thanksgiving. Give my regards to the gang. It's time to study now.

Your girlfriend,
Barbara

Junior Year

Hi—

Back to the grind! Registration this year was awful. I heard that three girls got raped and didn't know it until after they went through the final line. I wish I was still home instead of here. That Cape sure made it a wonderful summer. Wow, I think I'm all fagged out.

I got a postcard from my old roomie Jean today. She says she is very happy with her brand new husband and her year old baby.

Jim called me for a date but I refused him. Being pinned to him last year was like being pinned to a wild redman. I began to dislike him right after he burned the piano in front of Old Chapel last Spring Day.

My new roomie and I are sharing books so that we can have a few cool ones later on during the week.

Everytime I think of Registration, Sorority Rushing (and that damn singing that goes along with it), and studies, I want to come back home. But, since I am going to Bermuda in February and Florida in April, I will suffer it out.

Oops! Some of the "ladies" want to drop down to the Drake—so here I go again. See you soon.

Yours,
Babs

Senior Year

Greetings—

Well, here I am back at the damn hole. I was in my room just five minutes before I needed a "fix". Of course, I mean a beer and not dope!

If this letter is not coherent, don't blame the Umie English Dept., it's just that I have a hangover from last night.

I guess it's about time I got pinned again. All the girls down the house are doing it, so I guess I'll have to find some zilch to buy my booze. That stuff is expensive!

I am on probation this week. The housemother caught me opening the door for the boys at last week's panty raid. Oh well, it was worth it—although expensive!

Damn it, it's 3:00 A.M. already, and I need some sack time. Looks like another cut tomorrow for Art Appreciation 71.

Drop up some weekend and we'll get bombed together. I'll fix you up with some fish and we'll have a *real* time.

Stay Loose,
'Tootsie'



*You mean this is really a co-ed dorm, a new experiment in sociology?
My, what they won't think of next!*

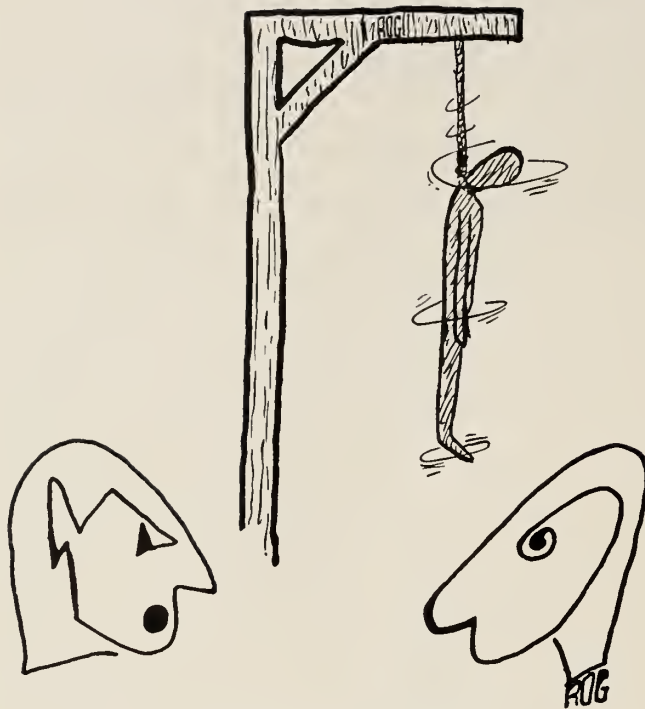
A Little Crumpet ...

(Continued from page 13)

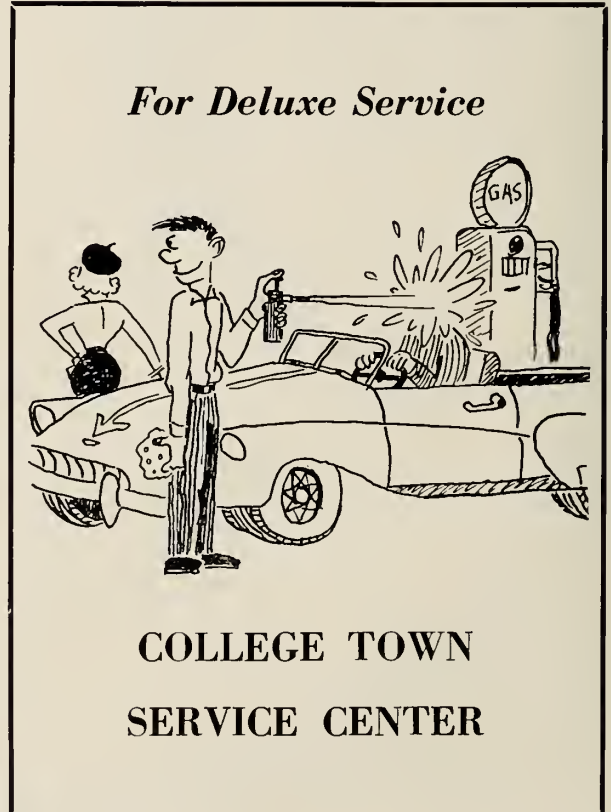
Capt.: "Indians?"
 S.H.: "Escaped."
 Capt.: "Drat!"
 S.H.: "Going?"
 Capt.: "Staying?"
 S.H.: "Never."
 Capt.: "Ride?"
 S.H.: "Please"
 Capt.: "Where?"
 S.H.: "Fort."
 Capt.: "Fort?"
 S.H.: "Fort."
 Capt.: "Why?"
 S.H.: "Employment."
 Capt.: "You?"
 S.H.: "Yes."
 Capt.: "What?"
 S.H.: "Interpreter."
 Capt.: "Really?"
 S.H.: "Start?"
 Capt.: "Certainly."

"CLOP CLOP clop clop . . ."

—by Ed McManus



He was, well ... different.



CINDERELLA

(Continued from page 1)

"Driving like that even Alexander P., the campus bull, won't catch her," she mused.

After two knocks and a scratch and the usual "Hoppy sent me," Cindy gyrated into the Rat Cellar where "The Group" was browng up a storm, out of their skull as it were. The reeds were burning up the ozone and the rhythm was sheer ecstasy. She gave a couple of thigh high waves to a few scrubs and some fellow Umies, then inched her body into a chair beside a gib who was spending like loot was out of style. She moved in post haste, gave him the free load pitch and proceeded to scoff down much rotgut. She knew by the purple suede huaraches that this cat moved her the end. The fact that he fell off his wallet and sprained his ankle brought out the mother instinct in her.

She helped him empty the thing. He had an "A" on his Ethiopian pig wool sweater which meant Cindy was charmed. For several hours Francis Furfie (that was the gib's name) chugged Old Smuggler from Cindy's sneaker. This was it, she grabbed him favorably.

But alas and alack, Cindy noticed

the hands on the Schlitz clock behind the bar and knew that if she didn't bail immediately the witching hour would knell and she'd feel like a skunk at a lawn party. She up and quit the scene right in the middle of a chorus of "The Saints", leaving Joe Money, Mr. Wonderful (Francis Furfie) holding the sneaker not the bag. He was in the bag. He pocketed the sneaker and vowed with his bloodshot eyes closed so he wouldn't bleed to death, that he'd find the chick whose tootsies had flavored his Old Smuggler. He was obviously entranced by her finesse, social poise, brains and body.

He sweated it out all the next day but not a single crow had a stomper that would handle a size 12 sneaker. Finally he hit Cindy's pad—the Seldom Dated Twicehouse. He knocked twice, scratched once and gave the password (the same one used at the Rat Cellar).

A luscious co-ed done up in cold cream opened the portal and screamed, "You're too late Dad, it's after closing. You know the pledge, never tangle with the administration."

"Don't hand me that jazz," he wailed. "I am F. 'Moneybags' Furfie," wherewith the broad sprung the

lid.

F.F. dashed inside without a word or pressing five. He grabbed her by the gunboat for the usual investigation.

"Frantic approach Francis," sighed the chick.

"No sale, Agnes," lamented F.F.

"Say man, if you really want to unload that there easy walker, there are more fans who might dig this exam," breathed the housemother in F.F.'s ear.

They all tried but didn't cut any ice, whereupon appeared Cindy in her sawed off knickers a supposed square, socially out of it, you know, the type that buys books every semester.

"Plant five pinkies in this," said F.F.

"You're mad," said Cindy.

"I only wear shoes during the monsoon season."

"Shazam" giggled F.F. "You're it!"

"Okay," said Cindy, "you count ten, I'll hide."

"You don't dig me," said F.F. "Let's play house . . . you move me!"

"Crazy father if you've got the money, I've got the time."

"You're not just a whistling, Lullaby of Birdland, sweetness and light,"

Continued on page 27



Why don't you cry in your own beer?

Comment on Comment in Print

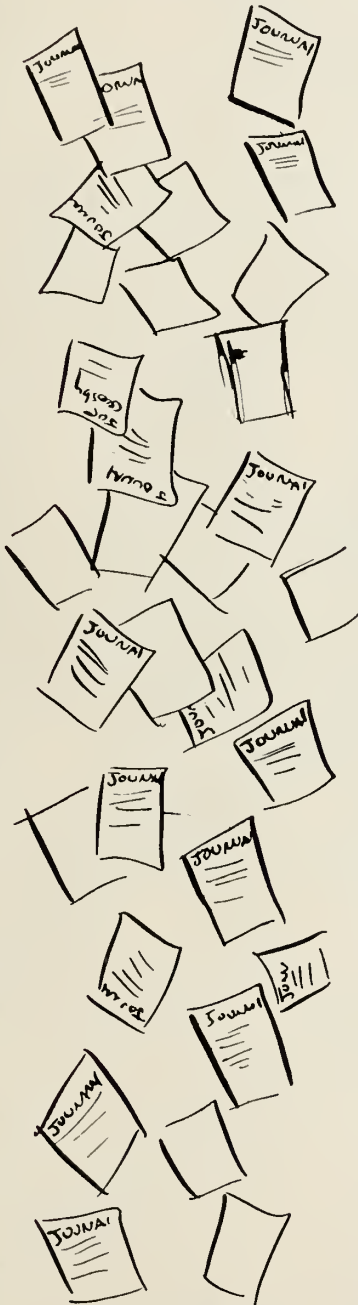
"The Search for Bridey Murphy" is a quest of great
renown,
But "The Search for Jimmie Farrel" is the newest hunt in
town.

Who is this Ancient Sewager with mud-upholstered feet?
Does his well-carpeted sewer come complete with light and
heat?

Perhaps he's Victor Hugo with his mind below the
gutter,
A-writin' for the "Quarterly" to earn his bread and butter.
Who e'er he is I wish him well, I hope they never stop a,
Guy who'll share his hovel with the Phantom of the Opera.

Ed McManus

For All Kinds of Printing



**Journal
Record Press**

Continued from page 25

he whispered through his megaphone. He pressed her into his platinum plated Rolls and speeded off into the sunset (in the direction of the barns.) The radio blaring with the eighth chorus of the Count's latest disc "April in Afganistan."

plagerized by Red Cooper
Umies' answer to Max Shul-
man, Norman Granz, Joseph
Stalin, Willie Sutton, etc.

Next Month: "The Three Bares"

THE TWENTY-THIRD QUALM

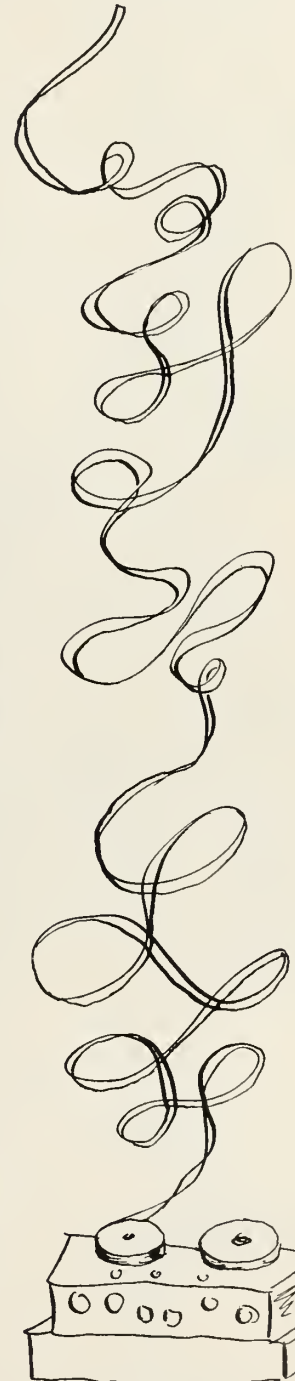
The prof is my quizmaster
I shall not flunk.
He maketh me to enter the examina-
tion
He leadeth me to an alternate seat
He restoreth my fears.
Yea, though I know not the answers
to the questions,
I will feel no failure, for others are
with me.
Class average comforteth me.
I prepare my answers before the
presence of my roommates
I annoint my blubook with answers
My time runneth out.
Surely grades will follow me all the
days of my life
And I will dwell in the class forever.

MARLON

An eleven year old boy went to the movies to see a picture co-starring Marlon Brando and Marilyn Monroe. In one scene, Marlon rips off Monroe's blouse and says, "I want what I want, when I want it!"

This idea really caught on with the little boy and he rushed right home to try it out on the little girl next door. The first thing he did when he got to her house was to call her out into the yard, rip off her blouse, and say, "I want what I want, when I want it." The stunned eight year old girl finally replied, "You'll get what I've got" replied, "You'll get what I've got, when I get it."

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COLLEGE
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In the Shuffle

New Brother—My pin is new, I'm in
a plight
My girlfriend eyes it
every night

IFC—Rooms are to be locked by 7 pm
on weekends

Housemother—A bottle of aspirins
and a pair of ear plugs
please.

Chaperone—Now may I take the
blindfold off?

Girl at first party—But I thought elec-
tricity was free!

POETRY BY A FRUSTRATED UNDERAGE CO-ED*

A V neck sweater, charcoal grey
A wiffle, blonde, blues eyes quite gay
A pipe man, not a Filter King
This would make a girl's heart sing.

Leave the sweater, charcoal, yet,
Add chino pants, a cigarette
Then just remove the blessed pipe
And there you have the UMass type.

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C & C

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TIME TO SEE US



JEFFREY
BEAUTY
SALON

ODE TO THE ABC MEN

O, remnant of prohibition years
Sitting there, not drowning beers
Your four eyes pierce the smoke filled
room

O'er all the patrons, spreading gloom
A million dollars couldn't buy
An ID card for some poor guy
He does deserve a chance we think,
Please close your eyes and let him
drink.

OUR COVER . . .

The cover for this issue must cer-
tainly qualify as one of the cleverest
in *Ya-Hoo's* short history. It is the
work of a clever young Bohemian ar-
tist—one Matthew Brown by name.

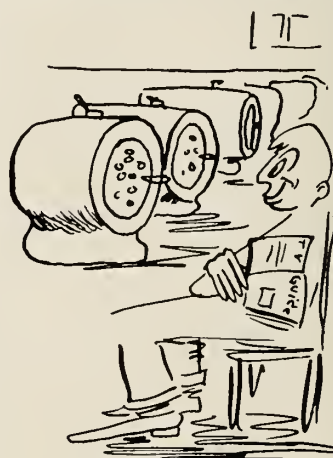
Brown is a foreign student from the
Gaza Strip who was forced to flee his
native land during the recent fighting.
He has vowed to go back and is at
present a phys. ed. major specializing
in head wounds.

*Name supplied on request

Keep Clothes Clean

at the

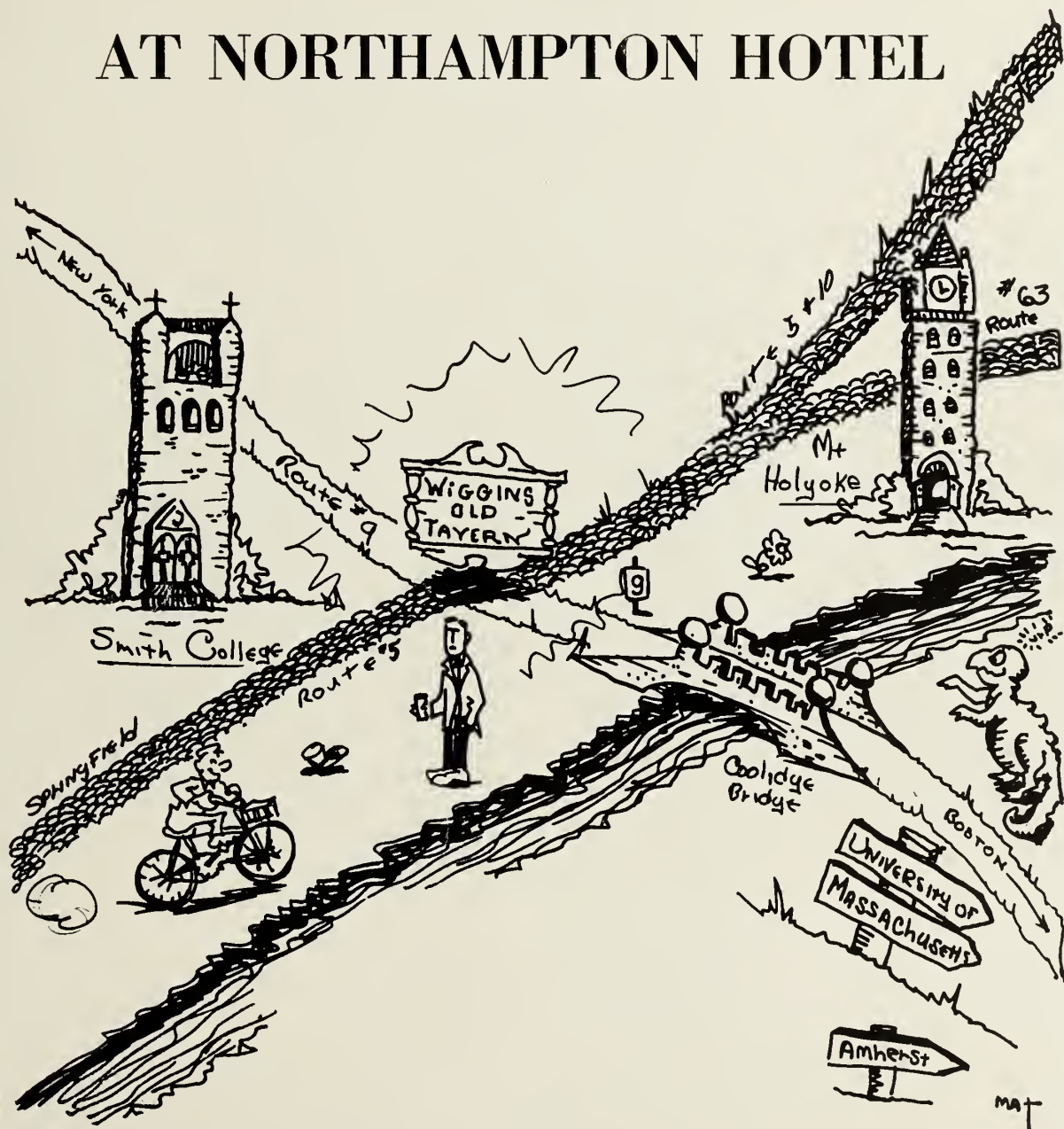
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